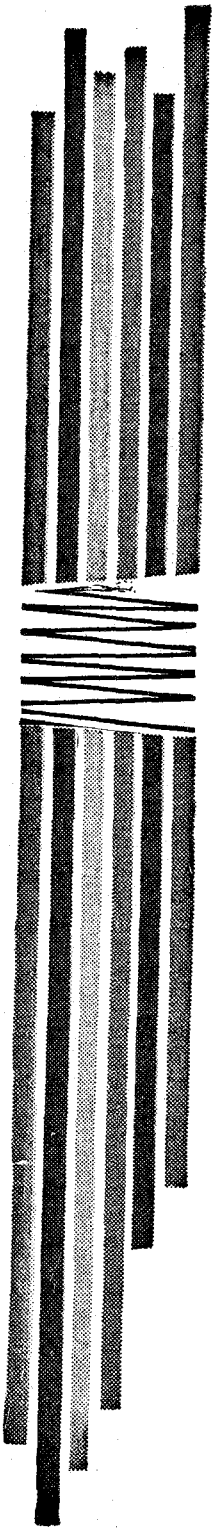
THE NATION

November 30, 1963 . . 35c



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LETTERS

Louisiana rights struggle

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: Our chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union was heartened by your November 9th editorial. Although the events you deal with began on October 4th, to our knowledge yours is the first national coverage of our plight.

Your readers may be interested in knowing that the law firm of Smith & Waltzer, now under attack by the Louisiana U.A.C., is in the vulnerable forefront of the civil-rights struggle in this area. Smith is chairman of the L.C.L.U. Legal Committee, an integrated group of New Orleans attorneys who this year alone have handled over twenty civil-rights cases—without pay. Waltzer is an active member of that committee. (An example of the committee's work is its successful New Orleans hotel desegregation action.)

It is obvious that the desperate attempt to make integration synonymous with subversion is aimed at impeding the work of our organization and those allied with us. You correctly state that the L.C.L.U. "has announced its intention to fight with all its resources on behalf of the accused." We welcome your observation that "other organizations . . . would do well to rally in support." Should anyone wish to rally with *us*, our local address is 5440 Bellaire Drive, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70124.

Leonard Dreyfus, President
Louisiana Civil Liberties Union

Best on Ginsberg

New York City

Dear Sirs: James Scully's review of Allen Ginsberg's *Reality Sandwiches* (*The Nation*, Nov. 16) was a miracle. The best piece on Ginsberg I've ever seen.

Aram Saroyan

Pressure in Iran

Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The reports from Iran indicate that the Iranian Government is increasing its pressure on the students and all the educated people of Iran.

A newsletter published by the students of the University of Teheran reports that during the last two months the University of Teheran has been attacked more than three times by the government forces. During each attack some of the students have been injured and some have been sent to prison camps.

At the present time, a military court in Teheran is trying a group of nine Iranians, most of them students and professors. The court has already asked for their execution. There are three professors among this group: Mr. M. Bazorgan and Dr. Y. Sahabi, both professors of the University of Teheran, and Mr. A. Sahabi, professor of the Institute of Technology of Teheran. Most of the remaining persons are students. The Iranian Student Association of the University of Illinois condemns the action of the government of Iran and demands immediate release of these prisoners.

Dariush Shadman, President
Iranian Student Association
University of Illinois

People or cattle?

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Judging from recent articles in your magazine and others, there has lately been some breast-beating in the peace movement about "Where do we go from here?"

If past performance is any indication, the peace movement is going exactly nowhere and never will, unless it can somehow awaken a modicum of resentment in the public mind. As an index to public concern about this issue, President Kennedy recently stated that in one week the White House received 5,000 requests for a puppy from a recent litter, vs. 2,000 letters, pro and con, on the test ban.

To this perhaps unclever and naive observer, it would seem that the question to publicize is: "Why are you going to let them do this to you? Why are you going to permit yourselves to be passively herded into shelters and incinerated en masse as a sacrifice to a few political fanatics? Are you people or cattle?"

The answer to this is usually, "But there is nothing we can do about it." To which the rebuttal is, "If you *wanted* to do something about it, there are many, many very effective things which could be done."

Think about them.

Michael Wales

Free transportation?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. Michael Quill recently was reported (on a CBS newscast) as saying that people should not have to pay to ride on the city-owned buses or subways. His remark, probably made in jest, was greeted with derision by all conservative private enterprise. Mayor Wagner said the idea was fantastic.

Mr. Quill's idea is not at all fantastic. It is just a little too far ahead of its time for the gradualists who instinctively resist any change, and for the capitalists who have convinced themselves that only through the profit motive can anything be done efficiently. Actually, we already operate several of our basic community services exactly as Mr. Quill suggested for the buses and subways.

We do not pay the policeman on the

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The Man in the Business Suit

Arturo Umberto Illia, a country doctor elevated to the presidency of Argentina a month ago, is a pleasantly ugly civilian who was put in office by the Argentine military and, one may be sure, was approved by the United States before his election. He enjoys the distinction of being the first Argentine president to be inaugurated in a plain business suit. His first important action, none the less, was to keep a campaign pledge to nullify the six-year-old contracts with eight United States oil companies. Before any gaskets are blown, what Illia has done, why he has done it and what he has *not* done should be carefully appraised.

The cancellation of the contracts is not a revolutionary act. Illia is not a revolutionary; he does not represent the Argentine proletariat, who rallied around Peron. He represents middle-class, specifically upper-middle-class, interests. He has nothing to do with Castro, other than to see to it that Castro influence does not gain strength in Argentina. The rough treatment of the American oil interests was a necessary prophylaxis and any other Argentine president would, at this juncture, have done the same.

The contracts were made by President Arturo Frondizi personally, without legislative sanction. In this respect the deal is reminiscent of that under which Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall leased the Navy's Teapot Dome oil reserves to American oil interests and ended up in jail. Corruption cannot be charged to the oil companies in the Frondizi case — they invested nearly $350 million in the wells (some of this came from profits when the wells produced oil) but the contracts were not, as they now maintain, legal and binding.

Also to the point: Illia is not "expropriating" anyone. He is annulling the contracts in preparation for renegotiation. All over the world, from Venezuela to Saudi Arabia, the selfsame thing has been done. The companies must be satisfied with lower profits — it amounts to no more than that. None of them has gone bankrupt yet. They remain quite good investments.

It is not likely that the representations of Averell Harriman will have much effect for the simple reason that Argentina, like the other Latin American countries, needs all the money it can get. President Goulart in Brazil is another astute Latin American who must drive a hard bargain if he is to survive. The United States is not in a position to use force against the Illias and the Goularts. They are not against capitalism. They are capitalists themselves, and they are not going to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. But they are also nationalists, and the goose must share the golden eggs with them.

Larger interests are at stake than the desire of the oil companies to maximize profits. If we should stick a gun into Illia's stomach he (and the generals behind him) will not only become more recalcitrant, but the Alliance for Progress, already wobbly, will collapse. Senator Hickenlooper, who envisions "expropriation" and is trying to tack all kinds of prohibitions onto foreign-aid legislation, is doing an ill service to American interests — including oil interests. If Mr. Hickenlooper will just keep out of what he does not understand, all concerned will be better off.

Once we could enforce a simple, clear-cut policy in Latin America — back up private American economic interest and let the chips fall where they may. That time is past and will never return. We must play along with those in charge, who are moderate and reasonable — but not pawns for our corporations. That is how things are in 1963, that is how they will remain. One can do business with the man in the business suit, and one might do worse.

Pacifica and the FCC

The Federal Communications Commission has asked the directors, officers and station managers of the Pacifica radio stations (WBAI, New York, KPFA-KPFB, Berkeley and KPFK, Los Angeles) to file affidavits in the familiar form, "Are you now or have you ever been? . . ." etc. Inferentially the FCC is not concerned about the programing on the Pacifica stations — which has been of a high order — but rather with the question of "qualifications," that is, the background, character and reputation of those operating the stations. In this area the FCC has, of course, a general right of inquiry, within proper limitations. But the FCC routinely requires a long, detailed questionnaire covering all matters deemed relevant to the question of qualifications, and such forms have, in fact, been filed by the Pacifica stations. For this reason, the requirement of a new and special affidavit has disturbing implications (see the article on p. 359 of this issue). Disclaimer affidavits have been required of radio operators, but this is the first instance, so far as we are aware, in which the particular form of affidavit has been submitted to directors, officers and station managers (although particular stations and networks, in an excess of zeal and caution, may have required such affidavits of certain employees). Moreover, it may be assumed that in requesting the affidavits from the Pacifica stations, and these stations alone, the FCC did not act on its own initiative but in response to pressures from the Congressional inquisi-

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torial committees, various right-wing organizations and similar groups.

In itself this is a disturbing omen — for if the FCC is not concerned with the character of the programing on the Pacifica stations, the same cannot be said for those who have urged this most recent action. Should the FCC ever permit itself to be used as the licensing arm of the Eastland Committee or the FBI, it will start down a long and dangerous path. If the past is a guide, the industry itself will not question the propriety of the FCC's action; but the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Jewish Congress have already lodged protests, and the FCC would be well advised if it heeded them.

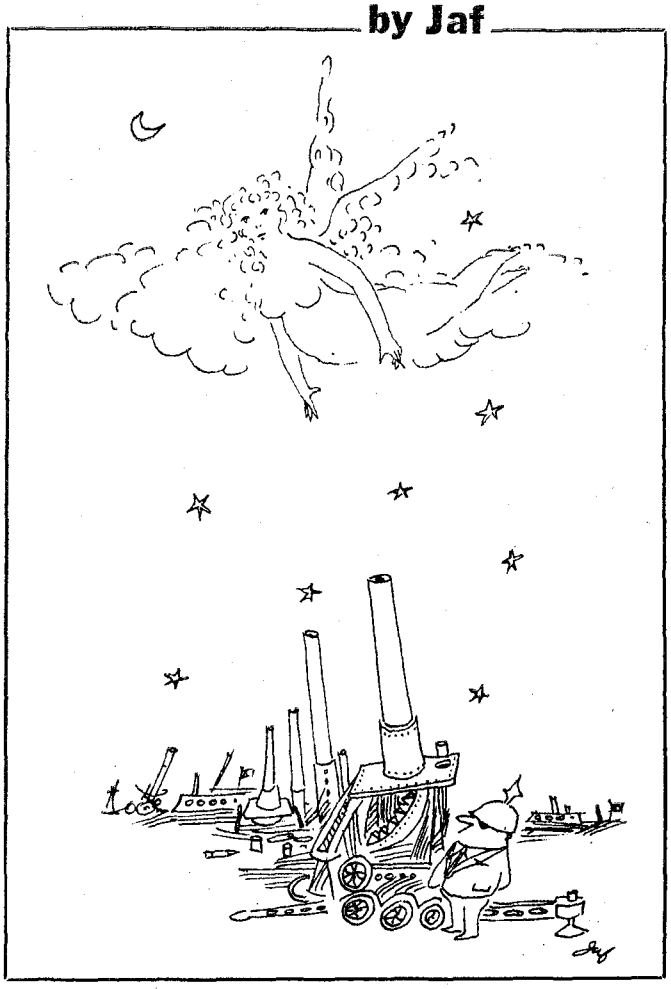
Silver of Ole Miss

One of the splendors of a democracy is that if even a measure of freedom of inquiry and expression can be kept open, the right man will say the right thing at the right time in the right accent. In Mississippi the man is James Wesley Silver, professor of history at the University, where he has taught for twenty-seven years. The White Citizens Council of the state has labeled him "Public Enemy No. 1," an honor in itself. Last year he was further honored by election to the presidency of the Southern Historical Association — the first Mississippian so designated. When his term ended two weeks ago, Silver spoke his mind. He called Mississippi a totalitarian society that cannot tolerate freedom of inquiry or "error of opinion," and which in consequence "imposes on all its people acceptance of obedience to an official orthodoxy almost identical with the pro-slavery philosophy. . . ." *All* its people, Silver said — and that goes to the heart of the matter. The Negro has made some gains, even in Mississippi, and will make more; but the spiritual victim is the well-intentioned white man who "no longer has freedom of choice in the realm of ideas because they must first be harmonized with the orthodoxy."

It takes courage even for a Northerner to go to a state like Mississippi, speak his mind and return, his duty done. To live in Mississippi, to teach at a school that has lost more than fifty of its best teachers in the past year, and still speak one's mind — this calls for real heroism and not only moral but physical courage. When Silver ate with James Meredith on the campus, played golf with him and invited him to his home, rumors spread around Oxford that the Citizens Council was out to "get" the traitor to his race. Thereupon Silver moved his thirteen-year-old daughter to a less exposed bedroom and sat up all night with a shotgun across his knees. The Citizens Council, if it had any thought of violence, seems to have abandoned it in this case.

At least for the present. Silver is fifty-six and has nine years to go before retirement; it is scarcely

by Jaf



likely that he will serve out his time. He would like to. "Why should I be run out of my home?" he asks. "I've contributed as much to this state as Ross Barnett." It is the understatement of the year.

How right Silver is about the closed society was revealed in *The New York Times Magazine* (November 10) in an article by Margaret Long: "A Southern Teen-Ager Speaks His Mind." Miss Long, the editor of the Southern Regional Council's magazine *New South*, went to Oxford and spoke to the students, including an eighteen-year-old named Don Barrett. Barrett seems to have been attractive in the way of a young man of good family, i.e., of the privileged class, and he had only kindly thoughts about the good "Nigras" whom he has known. But, "I feel," he said, "as do most of the white population of the South, that the Negro is inherently unequal." He cited Africa. Where the African Negroes haven't been taken over by the whites, he said, "they're still eating each other."

For the stark ignorance and crazy rationalizations of its young people, the older citizens of the Confederacy are to blame. The Negro will take care of himself; he has already emanicipated himself spiritually and he will emancipate himself economically and socially. The longest-lasting crime of the unregenerate Confederates has been committed, not

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against the Negro, but against their own young. If they had hated their children, they could not have given them a more terrible preparation for the world in which they must live. Whatever happens to Professor Silver, he can console himself with the thought that he not only had no part in that miscarriage of education but did all he could to prevent it.

If Tobacco Were Spinach

One of the earliest articles on smoking as a health hazard appeared in *The Nation* (Dr. Alton Ochsner: May 23, 1953). *The Nation* has never crusaded against smoking, however. Its position has been that, following the first significant studies showing a relation between cigarettes and lung cancer, cigarette smoking had to be regarded as a public health problem. After some years, the United States stands on the threshold of that realization. *Newsweek* (November 18) writes of ten men, deep in the bowels of the National Library of Medicine in suburban Washington, D.C., struggling in quiet desperation through a mountain of paper. They form the U.S. Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health, and their final report must be in by the year's end. It may not be a merry Christmas for the cigarette companies. Although the deliberations of these top medical men are as secret as the design of an anti-missile missile, the tobacco industry is braced for the worst.

Many physicians, in particular lung cancer specialists, express annoyance that the Surgeon General should require such an extensive sifting of the evidence at this late date. "I know of very few public-health issues that have been studied so thoroughly, and with such consistent results," says Dr. Michael Shimkin of Temple University. "If tobacco were spinach, it would have been wiped off the market years ago."

There is little danger of such an outcome. As they grapple with the problem, some of the members of the Surgeon General's committee puff on cigarettes. (Maybe they inhale less than they used to, though.) It is not only the strength of the habit that will preserve the cigarette industry, though perhaps on a less affluent scale; it is the simple economics of the situation. Cigarettes are an $8-billion-a-year business, and tobacco is the nation's fifth largest cash crop. Even more to the point, cigarette advertising is a major source of income for all the great publicity media — newspapers and magazines and their electronic competition. Should the report be adverse, the industry may be confident that, on the whole, the media will not be too hard on them.

The American Cancer Society has been conducting a cautious campaign against smoking, mainly on the theme that athletes don't, or shouldn't, smoke. In 1960, New York Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford was endorsing Camels; now, in magazine ads and on the radio, he is urging: "Think it over, is smoking worth it?" *Look*, however, won't run even such a soft un-sell as the ACS is putting out. It would be unfair to its cigarette advertisers, *Look* points out. When it is suggested to the networks that they should reject cigarette advertising, they throw up their hands in horror. Yet they refuse liquor advertising, although by all indications alcohol is less lethal than heavy intake of cigarette smoke.

The British, the Danes and the Russians are less gentle with their tobacco hucksters. A Soviet poster shows a skeleton lighting a cigarette; a British poster has a figure trying to break out of a cage, over the caption, YOU CAN BREAK FREE IF YOU WANT TO. Under our conditions, Sen. Maurine Neuberger's approach is probably the most practical: cigarettes should not be prohibited, but users, especially the young, should be warned against their danger to life and health. Smokers who begin early in life tend to become the heaviest smokers later; they should be told in no uncertain terms that they are headed for the autopsy table. And that step should not take another ten years.

Pacifica and the FCC

DANGEROUS PRECEDENT . . . Laurent B. Frantz

A unique and widely hailed experiment in listener-sponsored radio is in danger of becoming a casualty to the national passion for non-Communist affidavits. This came to light recently when it was revealed that Pacifica Foundation, which operates noncommercial FM stations in Berkeley, Los Angeles and New York, had been asked by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to have each of its officers and station managers, and each member of its Board of Directors, submit sworn answers to two questions: Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party? Are you or have you ever been a member of any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence?

For some time Pacifica has been before the FCC as a license applicant in connection with each of its three stations. The application for renewing the license of the original station, KPFA, Berkeley, which has been on the air for fourteen years, is pending. The Los Angeles station, KPFK, although it has been on the air for four years, is still awaiting its original license. WBAI

Laurent B. Frantz has contributed articles on civil liberties to The Nation *for many years.*

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in New York must receive FCC approval of the transfer of a commercial license of Pacifica Foundation. All three stations are operating on temporary FCC permits awaiting final action on their applications.

Although the stations are not primarily political (70 to 80 per cent of their broadcast time is devoted to music, drama, literature, poetry and children's programs), they have followed from the first a policy of presenting a full spectrum of political commentators, with representation for the Far Left, the Far Right and various stages in between. As part of this policy, they have occasionally aired the views of a genuine Communist, the most prominent being Mrs. Dorothy Healey, one of ten biweekly commentators on the Los Angeles station. To comply with the McCarran Internal Security Act, Mrs. Healey's broadcasts are preceded and followed with an announcement that she is "Southern California chairman of the Communist Party, a Communist organization." Occasional panel discussions and documentaries have also raised the eyebrows of enthusiasts for ideological "security." Among the most controversial were interviews with two defecting FBI agents who aired their criticisms of the Bureau and their ex-boss, J. Edgar Hoover.

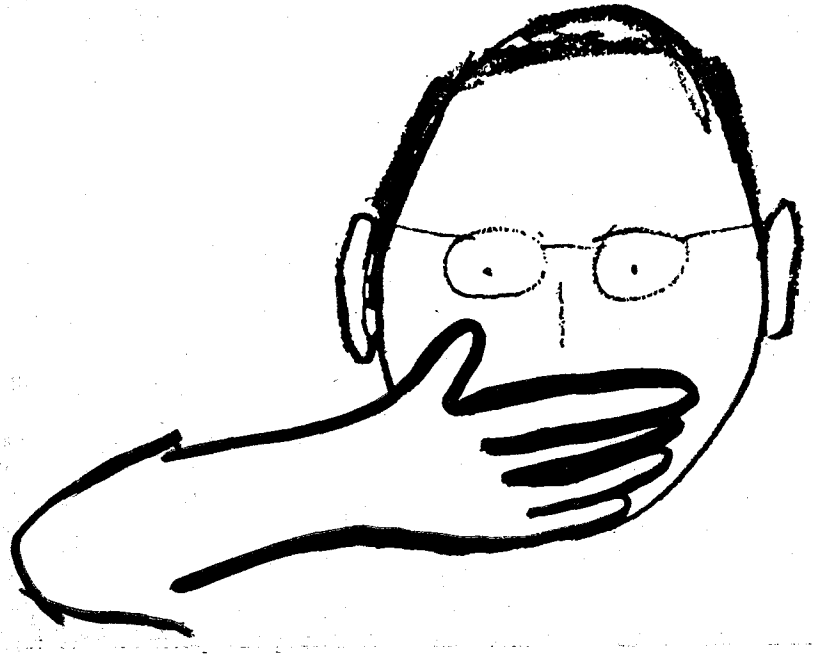
Pacifica stations have occasionally subverted Mrs. Grundy, as well as the republic. An instance of this was a panel discussion on "The Homosexual in Our Society," which won Honorable Mention in the 1959 California State Fair Press-Radio-TV Awards.

As a result of these various deviations from the national mores, the FCC has reportedly been under pressure for some time to do something about this too-independent voice.

Last January (not long after the FBI broadcasts), three Pacifica officers, one Board member (Dr. Peter Odegard, former president of Reed College and a distinguished political scientist), one station manager, one commentator (Mrs. Healey) and a Los Angeles subscriber were summoned to appear before a closed session of Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee. The hearing was chaired by Senator Dodd of Connecticut. The transcript, when finally published last July, proved so singularly unsensational that even the Far Right was able to muster no more than a perfunctory interest. The Subcommittee preferred no charges. Nevertheless, Pacifica's various applications before the FCC continued to hang fire, and in October the Foundation received the FCC's questionnaire.

If the FCC makes the affidavits a condition for favorable action on the license applications (so far it has not said that they are, but has asked that they be answered as "an aid to" its determinations), it is not unlikely that this will prove a virtual death sentence for Pacifica Foundation. The peculiar conditions are such that the Foundation will very probably be ruined if it requires its officers, directors and managers to sign. They are also such that it will incur, at the least, very serious risks of ruin if it does not.

To understand the consequences of the first alternative, it is necessary to remember that Pacifica is a cause operation, subsisting on a shoestring and constantly on, or not far from, the brink of bankruptcy. Like most such organizations, it is powered to no small degree by the light in the eyes of its devotees. In Pacifica's case this takes many forms, including unpaid volunteers who do work for which commercial stations would have to pay, and underpaid and overworked staff members who could do better for themselves elsewhere — and doubtless would but for their devotion to the cause. Even the listener "subscriptions" to the three stations have a large element of cause donation, since there is nothing to prevent the nonsubscriber (although he does not receive the printed advance listing of programs) from listening all he pleases.



The gleam in a Pacifica supporter's eye is not so much for the heterodox opinions that are sometimes heard on the air as for the unique and unfettered freedom of the stations. Since they are not subsidized by any institution committed to any point of view, they can say whatever they think and air whatever they think worthy of listener attention without fear that income may be jeopardized if they say the wrong thing. Since they accept no advertising, they have no occasion to worry about the reactions of advertisers. What happens to the gleam, and to the economic benefits that flow from it, if it is felt that Pacifica has caved in to conformist pressures on an issue which is felt to be one of principle and a negation of the no-man's-collar philosophy — its main reason for being? It is a reasonable guess that the result would not be good and that, given the delicate financial situation, it might well prove fatal. Moreover, though proletarian revolution is in fact not very well represented among Pacifica's top personnel, Quaker pacifism and Gandhian nonviolent resistance are. Judged by their previous reactions

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on similar issues, several of these persons are likely to feel that signing the affidavit is incompatible with their consciences and that they must resign rather than do so, if this becomes their only alternative. If this inference is correct, a decision to sign would confront Pacifica with a serious personnel crisis, as well as a moral (and ultimately a financial) one.

On the other hand, a decision not to sign (if the FCC makes submitting the affidavits a condition of licensing) will be almost as perilous. According to competent legal advice, there is little likelihood that the legality and constitutionality of such a requirement can be tested except in one way: by refusing to submit the affidavits, waiting for the licenses to be denied and then asking the courts to review that denial. In other words, Pacifica can find out what its rights are only by staking all three of its station licenses, and therefore its own ultimate existence, on a favorable outcome. The legal prognosis is considered far from hopeless, since seldom, if ever, has the non-Communist oath been employed in a context with such disquieting implications for freedom of communication. On the other hand, in view of the fate of other oaths and similar issues in the Supreme Court, a favorable outcome is far from a foregone conclusion. And the expense of a court fight would be so far beyond Pacifica's slender resources that here again the financial strain alone might well prove fatal.

A radio broadcasting license is in some sense a "privilege," but we must not forget the conditions that have made it so, or the careful manner in which the power to withhold that privilege must be hedged about with precautions if it is to be kept consistent with freedom. We would not permit a situation to arise in which a newspaper could not be started without permission from a government agency — and once started, would have to return to that agency at stated intervals for permission to remain in existence. We permit this in the case of radio stations simply because the number of channels that can operate simultaneously without interfering with one another is limited and therefore must be allocated in such a way that they will be put to good effect. But it does not follow that denials of licenses can be allowed to become involved with considerations that implicitly challenge the freedom of broadcasting. The Supreme Court has said that "The broadcasting field is open to anyone, provided there be an available frequency over which he can broadcast without interference to others, if he shows his competency, the adequacy of his equipment, and financial ability to make good use of the assigned channel." And it has also said that "Congress did not authorize the Commission to choose among applicants on the basis of their political, economic, or social views. . . ."

Undoubtedly, a broadcast license is a privilege involving responsibilities. But the power to withhold such licenses carries far graver responsibilities because the dangers that might arise from its abuse are of a far more serious character.

By the above standards, there can be no doubt that the three Pacifica stations are far better qualified than most of the stations that receive their licenses and renewals without question or hesitation. The intelligence and quality of their programing have won national and international admiration and a whole string of awards, prizes and commendations, including George Foster Peabody awards, said to be the most coveted in the industry. If we can afford radio channels on which popular records are played hour after hour, then the mere fact that broadcast channels are limited is scarcely reason for raising the "broadcasting is a privilege" cry against Pacifica.

The dreary wasteland of trash and trivia that pervades much of commercial broadcasting, both in radio and television, can scarcely have escaped the FCC's attention. If the present Commission is concerned about this situation, as was its former chairman, Newton N. Minow, one might think it would be concerned with preserving one of the few creative voices in radio, instead of embarking on a course that is likely to silence that voice. And in view of the chorus of received opinion throughout most of the mass media, one would think that the world's most powerful country could afford to risk allowing a few small dissenting voices to be heard over the air in Berkeley, Los Angeles and New York.

Armed Forces Ideology

OUR MISTAUGHT GIs . . . . . William H. Boyer

Our military establishment not only teaches soldiers how to carry out military duties, but also tells them what to believe in and the social goals for which they should fight. In undertaking the latter task it assumes a more general educational role in addition to its military training role.

William H. Boyer is an assistant professor of education at the University of Hawaii.

Armed Forces "educational" activity of this sort is a project of vast proportions. It has millions of "students"; some of them voluntarily "attend" for the major portion of their lives, whereas others are drafted and are in compulsory attendance. The military is thus a major American educational institution—at least in scope, and possibly in influence. It behooves us to examine the extent to which this teaching reflects an official Armed Forces social philosophy (or ideology) and an official educational method.

Armed Forces material indicates that the concern for ideology was stimulated by the Korean War. American soldiers held captive in Korea often lacked defense against Communist persuasion. The high mortality rate of American prisoners during that period is well known.

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Although the accuracy of certain military reports is being seriously challenged, it is a common (but probably false) belief that the high mortality rate resulted primarily from the ideological weakness of American soldiers. Since then the American military has focused on the problem of ideological defense; post-Korean Armed Forces publications abound with statements on "why we fight" and "what we believe."

These "why we fight" and "what we believe" articles are built on an underlying social philosophy that is often made explicit. The philosophy is commonly offered as a statement of the American way of life.

Documentation must be limited, but the following quotations—samples of the views offered in official publications from 1956 to 1962—exemplify the substance of the social philosophy used by the Armed Forces. (Sources quoted are listed at the end of this article.)

> [*Liberty is based on freedoms that are*] *God given and born in the spirit of man.*
>
> *The leader who thoroughly understands and exhibits moral and spiritual values will be better prepared to lead his men in this nuclear era. . . .*
>
> *The foundations of liberty* [*include*] *freedom to compete in production and to bargain for goods and services in a free market.*
>
> [*American soldiers in Korea*] *were up against it. They couldn't answer arguments in favor of Communism with arguments in favor of Americanism. . . .* [*They needed to know such things as:*] *Our capitalist economy is a constantly changing, flexible system. The wealth is constantly being spread on a broader base. Hundreds of thousands of steel workers, telephone operators and housewives are capitalists, owning shares of the nation's largest companies.*
>
> *We believe that an individual has rights, privileges and responsibilities because he is a child of God. We recognize the existence of . . . a basic moral law in nature. We believe that any government established by man should be based on these basic moral laws. . . .*
>
> *The rights endowed by our creator* [*underlie*] *our American way of life. . . .* [*This pamphlet*] *contrasts the basic conflicts between Communism and the Free World. We as free people . . . believe in the true form and ideals of liberty.*

These themes often recur in military literature in a consistent pattern that corresponds closely to the social philosophy variously labeled "individualism," "conservatism" or "traditional individualism." Although one of the earlier views of the basis for democratic liberty, it is only *one kind* of democratic philosophy. It presupposes that individualism and freedom are metaphysically given and therefore antecedent to social organizations and cultural experience. The individual is predefined in a combination of supernatural-capitalistic-nationalistic terms, derived mainly from Christian idealism and prescientific (natural law) realism. The view is absolutistic and leaves no room for rival democratic social philosophies. It forms an absolute separation between the complete goodness of its view and the complete evil of the only other view considered — communism. The way the problem is posed, one can select only between black and white, good and evil or God and the devil. After this narrow stage is set, the American soldier can then use his democratic right to choose.

The choice, it seems, is determined by more than the form of the problem. Military publications commonly imply a view of the appropriate way to teach. Though they are not labeled as such, the statements refer to an educational method. Some examples:

> [*A recruit's*] *first lesson is the necessity for obedience.*
>
> *Training will teach the soldier to respond from force of habit to specific battle orders. . . .*
>
> *Instill in men an aggressive attitude and desire to destroy the enemy.*
>
> [*The military officer should use*] *reward and punishment* [*for*] *the building of good character in other individuals.* [*It is proper that*] *punishment be employed as a moral act, its prime purpose being to nourish and foster obedience.*
>
> *Society has a right to . . . prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. . . . No member of society has a right to teach any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true.*
>
> *Your purpose in carrying on a discussion with an anti-American critic is to try to change to some degree his attitude toward the U. S. and things American. . . .*

These statements indicate an educational method consistent with the absolutist features of the Armed Forces social philosophy. They approve indoctrination and a conditioning psychology. The whole fighting man, his attitudes, beliefs, concepts and habits, are considered to lie within the legitimate jurisdiction of military teaching, to be altered in the direction of military values. The method by no means fits neatly with the idea of freedom in the explicit official philosophy of traditional individualism, for it probably reflects the implicit authoritarian values of military institutions. However, the explicit adoption of both a social philosophy and an educational method establishes the Armed Forces in the role of conscious educator, whatever inconsistencies may exist between goals and methods.

A reading of Armed Forces materials produces little doubt that there is an official military social philosophy and that every effort will be used to encourage its acceptance by members of the military or any other groups the military can influence. At least two basic educational questions arise from this educational role of the Armed Forces; the first relates to *competence*, the second to *authority*.

The teachers of social philosophy in the Armed Forces are usually incompetent to teach it. That is, they are not ordinarily prepared in philosophy, education or the social sciences and humanities. The books, pamphlets, films and film slides that comprise the typical instructional materials are used by any officer or enlisted man who is given a leadership role. Reading materials are also available for independent study.

A pamphlet like *The Battle for Liberty* is designed as an instructor's handbook. The instructor is told how to handle questions that might arise, including a way of defending American commercial advertising. He is told how to explain the "American" view of liberty, civics, social order, education, religion, economic order and law and order. The bibliography offers Russell Kirk, but there is no mention whatever of much more widely known writers, such as Dewey or Fromm, who expound a social philosophy at variance with that of the military.

Since no standards of academic or professional educational preparation are required to "teach" the

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ideology, it appears that the military relies particularly on the competence of those who prepare the material. Yet very little of the material would meet the test of scrutiny by decent scholars. For example, its "American way of life" is not based on empirical evidence: comparisons are made between the *actual* living conditions in Communist countries and an *idealized* version of the American way of life. The Communist threat to non-Communist countries is viewed almost entirely in military terms, and virtually no indication is given of the historical, economic and psychological reasons underlying Communist appeal. Differences among individual Communists, among various Communist and Socialist parties and among Communist countries are virtually ignored. And four years after the Soviet Union affirmed a policy of coexistence with the West, an official American military pamphlet said ". . . there cannot be co-existence of democracy and communism, and the struggle is inevitably a mortal one."

The Armed Forces meet neither the standards of professional competence normally expected of those who teach nor the normal academic standards for the content of instructional materials.

Nor is the educational authority legitimized. Since there is no basic commitment to the canons of evidence and objectivity, Armed Forces education is neither committed to the rules of verifiable inquiry nor subject to the standards and scrutiny of professional education. Granted, professional educational organizations do not have thorough control over standards and practices in conventional institutions of public education (and, where they have some control, the standards they set are often too low), but the point is that Armed Forces teaching is wholly divorced from professional educational jurisdiction. It is, for example, entirely outside the jurisdiction of accreditation agencies. Within the normal system of standards underlying authorization of public education, the Armed Forces in its role of public educator is illicitly constituted. It is a *de facto* educational organization that fails to meet minimal educational standards of competence or to subject itself to the normal system of educational scrutiny; it therefore lacks a legitimate educational authority.

Armed Forces educational influence is not limited to servicemen. A pamphlet called *The Struggle for Men's Minds*, which includes six pictures of the Air Force ICBM, was published in 1960 for the expressed purpose of influencing public school counselors to "help students maintain ability and will to fight." The Armed Forces has its own radio stations, television programs and publications available throughout the world. Thousands of children of military families are raised in a military environment through all their developing years. R.O.T.C., commonplace on college campuses, teaches military ideas through teachers who are members of the Armed Forces. Also important, though less known, are the R.O.T.C. programs in 255 public and private high schools. Two hundred and forty-one public high schools have R.O.T.C., and forty-six have *compulsory* R.O.T.C. offered by Armed Forces personnel. A number of these students later attend a state university that compels them to take the two additional years of R.O.T.C. —and they are still drafted for two full years of military service after they graduate! A number of young Americans have thus, in peacetime, received a total of *six* years of *compulsory* military "education" — no minor influence in "the struggle for men's minds."

There is no indication that military authorities consider their present educational practices to be at all questionable, nor any evidence that they disagree on the social philosophy to be taught. This is not to say that the Armed Forces is necessarily as monolithic in practice as its official ideology, but the publications give a strong impression that ideology is, officially, a closed issue rather than an area of study.

A book, *The Armed Forces Officer*, is the primary guide to the "philosophy, ideals and principles of leadership" for officers in all branches of the military. The book suggests that the educational goals of the military are not ancillary but primary to its purpose: "Within the military establishment the inculcation of ideals is considered the most vital of all teaching."

Despite the somber, self-righteous tone of most military publications (*Military Leadership* modestly states that "the military profession has no monopoly on leadership") they have some amusing qualities that might give them an unintentioned role as educational literature. In *The Armed Forces Officer*, the act of bringing a feudal-bureaucratic system of privilege into twentieth-century America without indication of conflict is a verbal spectacle that could appeal to both the logician and the gymnast. Allusions to the classics help associate an instrument of violence with the humanistic tradition in an admirable attempt to dignify the undignifiable. And tantalizing contrasts between the ideal and the real arise when the inspired assertion "than the Service, there is no other environment more conducive to the leading of the full life by the individual who is ready to accept the work of the philosopher . . ." is followed by an example stating that "staying with my gang meant more than anything in the world."

Possibly the most serious problem raised by Armed Forces teaching lies in its claim that the American way of life is based on one absolute American ideology which is in fundamental and irreconcilable conflict with one absolute Communist ideology. This is assumed to be the basis for the atomic arms race. Since the military establishment intentionally conveys this notion, does it not follow that it is increasing the likelihood of war by using its influence to oversimplify the problem, to nar-

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row and thereby falsify ideological alternatives and thus to create an irreconcilable ideological split that increases self-righteousness and hinders negotiation? What "solving" alleged absolute differences between nations with atomic weapons means should be terrifyingly obvious.

Millions of American youths have been subjected to such "education." But there is no general recognition of this fact. Since the Armed Forces in its role as educator has a far larger "enrollment" than any American school, draft policies and military personnel quotas should be recognized as having more than narrowly military significance. The decision to demand compulsory service, or even to recruit, must take into account the current educational consequences of its role as educator. And whether the military should continue its brand of education ought to be questioned, not only by professional educators, political scientists and the like, but by the American public and by Congress.

Legitimately constituted educational organizations must take some responsibility for "professionalizing" educational services offered through public agencies, and such an interest should bring them into conflict with the present educational practices and policies of the Armed Forces. If legitimate educational organizations have a defensible basis for developing standards in those public educational institutions labeled as such, they also have a responsibility for public agencies that assume the role of educator, whether or not such agencies so call themselves. This would mean that legitimate educational organizations are responsible for getting the military either to meet the educational standards of other public educational agencies or to withdraw from its present role as educator.

For such dangerous public "education" to occur over a comparatively long period of time also raises questions about the adequacy of current American democratic processes. In our society, the military is controlled by civilians and subject to civilian scrutiny; but the actual scrutiny must indeed be feeble if the boldly displayed, officially sanctioned, ideological activities of the Armed Forces have not only failed to become a public issue but are treated as a normal part of the American way of life. The hazardous possibility is that a *means* designed to aid national defense has grown so massive and ubiquitous that it is becoming an *end* in itself—no longer simply defending a nation but increasingly characterizing it.

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What Ails the Post Office? . . . Stanley E. Cohen

When John Gronouski recently became Postmaster General, he moved into one of the most demanding and thankless jobs our government offers.

As chief executive of this great, government-owned public utility, his decisions require insight into a wide range of specialized fields. Yet, despite the heroic scale on which he must operate, his choices will be inhibited by a power structure that accentuates considerations inconsistent with the best interests of the organization he leads.

The Postmaster General is, for example, the nation's biggest civilian employer, with nearly 600,000 subordinates and a payroll of $10.5 million a day. He lives constantly under the shadow of race problems — for among his employees are nearly 100,000 Negroes, whose ambitions for advancement often are frustrated even under a merit system. He is in real estate on a grand scale, controlling the leasing, maintenance and replacement of 45,000 main post offices and branches in every hamlet of the country. He's the transportation industry's biggest customer, using the equivalent of half a million boxcars, and spending $610 million annually for the services of railroads, airlines, trucks and buses. His vehicle fleet consisting of nearly 50,000 government-owned cars and trucks, with an equal number available on lease, dwarfs all others.

On top of this, he must be a consummate politician, ever mindful of the fact that Congress and the White House control his destiny. His handling of a dispute involving racial overtones, or his decision to close an unneeded post office or substation, or to consolidate two nonproductive rural routes — all such seemingly routine matters — are loaded with political dynamite which, regardless of his qualifications, can easily blast him out of his job.

On such a scale of operations, the difference between inspired management and merely passable management carries a big price tag, both in terms of money and service. Some mistakes represent a pitiful waste of public money. The highly publicized "Post Office of the Future" at Providence, R.I., is a case in point: In their eagerness to push ahead, planners picked the wrong city for their experiment, and now the department has a "showcase" postal terminal in a community that can't possibly keep it busy.

Other management failures take their toll in less dramatic ways. Overstaffing at terminals can add millions of unnecessary payroll expense, while understaffing means overworked crews and sacks of unprocessed mail missing the last train to their destination.

Mr. Gronouski's job has become almost unbearably demanding. Fifty years ago, or even twenty-five years ago, top post office jobs were regarded as legitimate political prizes. If the management was unimagina-

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tive, little harm was done; so long as there were stout backs — and a willingness to defy the wind, sleet and snow — the mail would move.

The post office undertakes a massive materials handling job, involving many of the techniques used in industry. Yet, while industry constantly engages in research to cut costs and improve its operations, until after World War II the post office management had no research program of its own, nor was it soliciting outside advice.

Even though it was the nation's largest employer, it had nothing resembling an employee relations program. An incentive award system existed on paper, but no one was responsible for making it work. No suggestions were received and no awards given.

All this neglect came into the open right after World War II, and the top post office jobs ceased to be sinecures. Suddenly a great technological transition was needed; its success or failure rested squarely on inspiration instilled at the top.

In the postwar period, the department was confronted with a double crisis. Its most widely publicized problem, but in a sense the least significant, was fiscal. Rising costs outpaced revenues which, for a long time, were pegged to prewar rates. Deficits sometimes threatened to reach $1 billion. This was demoralizing and a real headache to the public treasury; but it did not stop the movement of mail.

The other problem, created by what was really a national blessing — the postwar business booms and population shifts — was seldom discussed; yet it was and is more deadly, for the post office has no place to look for help.

In this period of great national expansion, the torrent of mail pouring into the post office swelled from 35 billion pieces in 1946 to an estimated 70 billion this year, and continues to increase by 2 billion pieces annually. New suburbs, and new apartments and office buildings that have replaced urban slums, demand service. The number of daily stops has been increasing by 1.5 million to 2 million a year.

The post office found itself involved in a squeeze caused by circumstances beyond its control, and aggravated by the inadequacies of its own organization. Volume was rising, population was shifting to new centers and customary transportation patterns were crumbling; but the mail had to be processed at terminals built to the specifications of the 1930s. (New York City, with a load equal to the total volume handled by the British Postal Service, has not had a major mail-handling installation since 1937.)

Often these prewar terminals were in the heart of the city, far from the new homes and apartments. Trucks with incoming mail, fighting to meet airtight schedules, had to inch through jammed streets. At terminals, they stacked up awaiting access to loading docks; for the terminals of the 1930s had not anticipated the 1950 trailer trucks.

This jam intensified as the service depended increasingly on trucks to move intercity mail. When there were 25,000 trains carrying mail (1925), the midnight express, snatching the mail sacks on the fly, symbolized postal efficiency. Now there are only 2,000 mail trains, and only a fourth of the post offices are in cities with rail service. A decade ago trucks got only 15 per cent of the post office transportation dollar; now they get a third, and by 1970 they will be getting half.

A skilled business executive might, with luck, successfully dispose of these difficulties. But the Postmaster General's performance must be measured on a standard all its own. In reality, the organization he heads is a hybrid, unlike anything else that serves the public. Institutionally it is a public utility, enjoying a monopoly over an essential service that is offered at a fixed fee. Functionally, it is an industrial operation collecting, storing, sorting, shipping and delivering letters and parcels.

Nevertheless, the analogies are incomplete. Unlike the utility, it is not required to make a profit or even to "break even." Fast, dependable mail service is so essential to commerce and the well-being of the public that the post office is expected to serve everyone in the country, no matter who he is or where he lives. Its standard of service and its nominal fees reflect considerations of public policy that overshadow criteria of profit and loss.

The post office is unlike a public utility or business in yet another respect: its board of directors — the people who make ultimate policy decisions — are the President and Congress. The Postmaster General's decisions must take into account the mixed motives of these "directors." For he and his six colleagues at the highest management level serve only at the pleasure of the President. His authority to act, including his right to spend money, is the full-time concern of four Congressional committees and the part-time concern of the entire Congress.

As political creatures, the members of this "board" have a divided loyalty. They want the mail delivered promptly, of course; but they inevitably treat the post office, with its vast employment, its contracts for services and facilities and its many opportunities for rendering less-than-cost service, as a great reservoir of favors that can be used to advance the welfare of the party faithful.

This somewhat unsavory arrangement cannot be shrugged off solely as some venal hangover from the unenlightened past. For most of the public, postal service is the single most important thing the government does. The politicians feel it is their inescapable responsibility. It must be acknowledged that members of the Congressional committees play a constructive part, looking for breakdowns in service, asking about rising costs, discussing the need for more aggressive efforts to develop new mail-handling machines.

Moreover, the Congress often makes a distinctive contribution, as it did during the postwar debates over rate-making policy. In those lengthy disputes, the department's experts were seeking rate increases based on an allocation of cost to each class of mail roughly proportionate to the expense assigned to handling that particular volume of mail. Publishers and other big commercial users pointed out that this formula made no allowance for economic and social factors.

Congress had to consider some basic principles. Should users be expected to pay the "uneconomic" costs — The small post offices maintained purely as matters of local pride? The rural routes that serve one or two homes to a mile? The losses from below-cost rates to certain users who "promote the public welfare"?

This particular issue was resolved

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by earmarking certain costs, adding up to about 10 per cent of the department's total spending, as "public service," not chargeable to users. In addition, a formula was devised to govern the allocation of remaining costs. For newspapers and magazines, Congress decided, the allocation must allow for such factors as deferred service, preparatory work done by the mailer and ability to pay.

Whatever its merits, however, the divided loyalty of these "directors" leaves the post office in an unenviable position. The "directors" like to influence promotions and the award of contracts. Their judgment with respect to appropriations for the operation of the service, including the construction of facilities and purchase of equipment, may be tailored to the size of the federal deficit rather than the needs of the post office. Their decisions on postal rates, wages and transportation arrangements are often influenced by the needs of the patrons, the employees and the common carriers, rather than needs of the service as a whole.

As elected officials in a constant struggle for political survival, the "directors" use the post office for self-aggrandizement.

Until recently, promotion to supervisory and technical jobs in the career service required support from the local Congressman or, if the Congressman was of the wrong political stripe, the county chairman. Competition was keen, for there are only 50,000 such jobs, and most of the more than 500,000 clerks and carriers must spend their whole careers — thirty to forty years — with little opportunity to advance above Grade 4, roughly $6,000 per year.

Sometimes the endorsement indispensable for breaking out of Grade 4 was given graciously with no pay-off expected other than gratitude. Scandals in New York and elsewhere demonstrated, however, that often the pay-off was something more tangible.

These spoils-system promotions exacted a heavy toll concealed in the rising cost of processing mail. Politically sponsored supervisors sometimes felt they enjoyed a degree of immunity from disciplinary measures and performed accordingly. As supervision lagged, the productivity of clerks and carriers dropped too. Mr. Gronouski's predecessor, J. Edward Day, felt that good supervision and good employee morale were the department's greatest needs, so he put promotions to supervisory and technical positions on a merit basis.

But many positions in the fifteen regional offices remain available to patronage dispensers. The injury there is less in money than in rank-and-file morale. Not long ago, for example, the job of sani-

tary inspector was added to the complement for the fifteen regional offices. Hundreds of thousands of rank and filers who can never hope to get past the Grade 4 barrier watched with envy as the lucky handful with appropriate political support were designated to inspect post office toilets at $9,000 per year.

Among the decisions that put political expediency ahead of postal need, none is more startling than the postwar deadlock over urgently needed terminals. Many big-city terminals bulged under intolerable loads, and some were even forced to sort and store mail on outside platforms. Still Congress refused to rise above its spoilsman instincts. So many Congressmen held out for a plan that required at least one new post office in each Congressional district that the department had to try another approach. In desperation, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield by-passed the bottleneck with a program which was based on leasing arrangements.

Some of the most dangerous conflicts occur when the "directors" — the President and members of Congress — deal with situations where the requirements of the post office conflict with their responsibilities in other fields. Is there a need to cut federal spending? The post office must take its licks along with every other agency, regardless of special need.

The more than $4.1 billion paid by postal patrons covers about 90 per cent of the department's expenditures, which in itself distinguishes the post office from other departments. But this income goes directly to the federal treasury, along with everything else the government takes in. No matter how much it collects, the post office cannot hire a carrier, or pay a transportation bill, until Congress approves its budget.

This year's post office budget was increased to take into account a pay raise of nearly $200 million, which Congress overwhelmingly approved, for postal workers. When the time came to provide the money, however, the House Appropriations Committee precipitated a crisis. In its anxiety to hold down the total government deficit, the committee demanded that the post office absorb the increase. The battle raged, with postal managers pointing out that the service is handling a big increase in volume this year with no increase in staff, and that another big increase is expected in the year ahead.

Some Appropriations Committee members proposed that the department save money by eliminating Saturday deliveries. Eventually there was an agreement. To make a better showing now, the Appropriations Committee forced a reduction in expenditures for research on new mail-handling equipment — the "seed money" for future improvements in service and reductions in cost.

In fixing postage rates, the department's "directors" have an inherent interest in keeping prices down, particularly for the politically influential. So-called nonprofit organizations, including veterans' groups, charities and religious organizations, are among the most effective lobbyists. Although other classes of users now pay at least

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twice as much as before World War II, Congress obliged these nonprofit groups by creating a new classification that enables them to send their promotional literature — fund-raising appeals, etc. — at just about the prewar rate.

On wage matters, the divided loyalty of the "directors" gives the nine militant postal craft unions a unique power that would make ordinary unions green with envy. True, as government workers, postal employees cannot strike. But with thousands of units, including some in every Congressional district, they go over the Postmaster General's head and communicate directly with all the members of Congress — as if the United Steel Workers could by-pass Mr. Roger Blough and bring their case to his directors.

The unions woo, and Congressmen woo in turn; for the postal workers invariably get bigger raises than other government employees in similar grades, and adjustments come sooner and more frequently.

The unions seek to involve the "directors" in disputes over operating policy, too. They regard work-measurement systems, which management uses in order to keep informed on production costs, as "a detested, dehumanized speed-up." After a decade of debate on this, the procedure has been greatly modified, and management has given assurance that work-measurement data will never be used for disciplinary purposes. But about eighty members of Congress are still sponsoring legislation to outlaw it.

Because it is such a big buyer of transportation, the post office becomes a handy crutch when Congress needs to solve the problems of railroads, airlines, steamship companies, etc. For years, the cost of subsidizing airlines was carried by the post office. The same can be said for railroads and steamships.

Often, moreover, the quality of postal service is deliberately sacrificed to suit the purposes of others. In 1950, for example, Railway Express Agency was losing business to the post office. So, to oblige the company and its employees, and with little regard for the cost and inconvenience to postal patrons, Congress decided to put stringent limits on the size and weight of parcel post packages.

The scuttling of "Airlift" stands as a classic case in which the welfare of common carriers took precedence over the needs of the post office. "Airlift" was proposed by former Postmaster General Summerfield to close the gap created by the disappearance of mail trains. Instead of leaving first-class mail to sit in railway stations overnight, he intended to fly it on a nonpriority basis. In the battles that followed, he was left to fight by himself. Railroads, supported by their employee unions, told a tale of woe to Congress. So did the postal employees who sort mail on trains. So did the airlines, fearing a reduction in airmail (which flies at luxury prices). Congress ordered "Airlift" curtailed.

During the decade that followed, train service continued to deteriorate. For example, the last train west from Washington now leaves around 6 P. M., long before the heavy late afternoon collections have reached the post office. Meanwhile the small-scale experiments continued to pile up proof that "Airlift" makes sense in terms of cost as well as speed. Early this year, some shackles were finally removed from "Airlift." Under the arrangement negotiated by former Postmaster General Day, it is to be used "where normal rail service no longer exists, to give the people the same type of service they get in other areas."

The introduction of same-day delivery in central sections of nearly 300 cities, and of ZIP code (forerunner of mechanized mail sorting), show what good management can do even under existing conditions.

From the talented management it originally recruited, the Kennedy Administration seemed to be saying that the day of high-quality professional post office leadership had arrived. Recent developments suggest, however, that the old temptations are irresistible.

For this assignment, the new Administration assembled an outstanding group of executives headed by Mr. Day, the successful head of a large West Coast insurance organization. Day was sufficiently realistic to know that decisions could not be on a strictly business basis. But he was convinced — erroneously, it turned out—that the White House would be grateful if he provided the kind of unselfish leadership the job required. His undoing started with the introduction of the merit promotion system. In their speeches, the politicians praised it; behind the scenes, they continued to expect favors.

Among his problems was William Brawley, the Deputy Postmaster General. Mr. Brawley's skill as a dispenser of patronage was nourished by service on the staff of the Senate post office committee. While serving as a fund raiser in the 1960 campaign, he developed ties with people who eventually rose to positions of power on the White House staff. In one showdown, Day got the President's support; but it was the beginning of the end. Once Mr. Brawley was gone, Mr. Day faced a campaign of harassment. Rumor mills predicted his impending departure; his contacts with the President became fewer and further between. Eventually he took the hint and resigned.

The Postmaster General gets little comfort from his "stockholders" — the voting public. When an eagerly anticipated letter has been an extra day in transit, an irate citizen, mindful of recent increases in rates, may dispatch a complaint to his local newspaper editor. But he has yet to ask the important question: "What's going on here?"

If Mr. Day had been the successful manager of a large corporation who quit to open a law office, his directors and stockholders would wonder why. When he decided to give up, Congressmen, union officials and newspapers agreed he had done an outstanding job. But all the time he served, he waged a lonely battle; and his defeat caused hardly a ripple.

The post office is the victim of our immature attitude toward public office. Even when a good public official quits, the reaction seems to be: "It's time he stepped down and passed the plum to someone else." Consider the comments of the Republican *Washington Star* when Day resigned. "Overall, Mr. Day should be credited with a thoroughly professional job which he undertook without political background or motivation." Then, as if the matter was of no real consequence to the public, "It may be just as well he is moving on to law practice before the political bug does bite him."

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PEOPLE vs. PIGEONS . . . . . David Cort

Among mankind's parasites — the flea, bedbug, cockroach, housefly, tapeworm, rat, mouse, starling—the most conspicuous has become the pigeon, what is called in America the rock dove (*Columba livia*), a wild descendant of once-domesticated birds. In and around all the cities of the world, it is essentially the same bird. It is as loyal an associate of man's as the rat or mouse. And its guano has become a massive nuisance.

So what does society do about it? Recently, the problem became urgent in New York City, and society showed a wide spectrum of opinions, rather than a simple pro and con. These factions are worth describing.

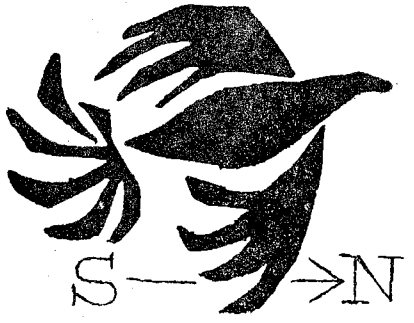
The Lovers. They feed the pigeons at regular hours and raise hell if anybody has any other opinion about pigeons.

The Familiars. Bird-watchers impassively despise pigeons and ignore them. "Rock dove" adds one digit to a bird-watcher's day-list of species seen, but he takes absolutely no pride in it. However, the Audubon Society has how removed the rock dove from its official list.

The Predators. In New York, a duck hawk pair or two used to nest on skyscrapers and feed on pigeons, but they have been eliminated. Nowadays one will occasionally see a boy with a butterfly net tucked under his arm strolling with extreme casualness. Lounging near a flock of feeding pigeons, he swipes the net, entangles a pigeon, reaches down, strangles it and strolls on, holding the bird in the net. A companion with a suitcase strolls alongside, the bird is transferred from net to suitcase and the two boys separate.

The Connoisseurs. Puerto Ricans, Chinese and Italians consider pigeon far tastier than chicken and are able to find them in their retail markets. Only a tenth of the pigeons sold in New York go through regular government-inspected channels. The enterprising youths just observed with the butterfly net must account for the other nine-tenths, thus spreading much happiness. Two such were recently arrested in Riverside Park and given suspended sentences. The evidence doubtless did not get to market. This predacity, it should be mentioned, is motivated by the utmost affection, not hatred, for pigeons. A virtual legend among epicures is the fruit pigeon of the Malay Archipelago, said to be an indescribable delicacy. The wonga-wonga of Australia is also much admired.

The Haters. They woo pigeons with bread crumbs and then hit them with baseball bats. The emotional release must be considerable,



but the mortality is negligible. The whole proceeding is shameful and probably shames the perpetrators. Wounded birds die slowly.

The Lady. Mme. V. K. Wellington Koo has suggested that the pigeons be offered attractive nesting sites so that the eggs can be conveniently removed from the nests and sold to Chinese restaurants. A Chinese restaurateur agreed: "I'm sure our customers would eat the eggs. They're a luxury, you know. We only get them on special occasions." However, it has been observed that pigeons do not generally accept such hospitality.

The Expert. One ornithologist has suggested that the city feed the pigeons all they want of grain impregnated with chemicals that would make the birds sterile. This would ultimately solve the problem, but pigeons often live for thirty years.

The Politicians. Newbold Morris, superintendent of parks, said: "According to the City Charter, we are not responsible for the breeding of pigeons or the distribution of pigeon eggs."

About this segment of opinion, one must ask who was responsible for the breeding of politicians and the distribution of politician eggs. It is an area, like that of pigeons, that has been overlooked.

The Facts of Life. It has long been known that New York's pigeons are riddled with disease, including psittacosis, and with mites that also spread disease among human beings. In October, 1963, the New York City Health Department's Bureau of Laboratories revealed that dried pigeon droppings contain the fungus *cryptococcus neoformans*, which gives human beings a form a meningitis that sometimes inflames the brain and causes death. Over a third of the birds examined had the fungus. In New York, four known deaths a year are definitely traced to this cause; others are probably misdiagnosed. A mild case produces the symptoms of a common cold and many New Yorkers with persistent coughs may have mild cases of cryptococcal meningitis, which does not necessarily kill. It should be emphasized that in modern city civilization, pigeons are virtually members of the family. When they leave their droppings in front of the air-conditioner, they really get their message home to people. Soon the stuff is right in there with you and yours.

A Choice of Solutions.

There is a not implausible story out of Philadelphia that the city addressed the pigeons directly with signs, "Pigeons Not Allowed."

Cincinnati, Ohio, enforces a law against feeding pigeons.

Dayton, Ohio, spreads poisoned cracked corn at night and then collects the dead birds soon after dawn, bothering nobody except the pigeons.

Buffalo employs seven riflemen to shoot pigeons in the early morning, and also hangs large nets over the birds' roosting sites, the nets dropping automatically in the morning. Half a million birds have been killed this way in twelve years.

West Berlin, with 80,000 pigeons, has lately put out cyanide-coated bread crumbs.

Paris forbade feeding pigeons in 1936, to no effect. In 1962 it had a *dépigeonisation* (pigeon is the

David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments (*Macmillan*).

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French word; dove, the English) campaign, in which poisoned grain was to be scattered. Forewarned, Parisians went out with good grain and fed the pigeons to repletion, so that only a dozen birds in all Paris sampled the lethal corn. Paris also nets the birds and trucks them to the English Channel coast. *Dépigeonisation* is a funny word in France.

In London, an official replied, "Exterminate birds? There'd be no surer way of bringing down the Government."

Italian cities affect to protect the pigeons. Unwary birds, however, are regularly cropped for the pot, usually for soup, by the citizens.

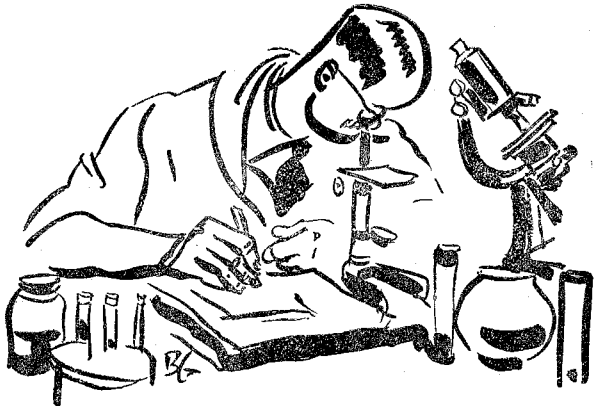
Until 1962, Moscow sternly protected its pigeons. There were signs warning motorists to give pigeons the right of way, fines for molesting pigeons and stalls selling pigeon food to pigeon-lovers. These have all disappeared without any public announcement. Now men with nets scoop up pigeons and truck them away. They explain to the curious that the birds are being taken to "a better life in a zoo." What zoo? No answer. Actually, this is the classic Communist pattern of disappearing from history. The pigeons never existed. (However, much the same effect is achieved by Dayton, Ohio.)

In these cities, little attempt has been made to fix the actual size of the problem — that is, the pigeon population. So we have:

The Statisticians. The New York figure, evidently invented by the Health Department, is accepted as five million birds in the five boroughs. This figure was reprinted without question by *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, and by syndicated columnists. The idea of a war between five million pigeons and eight million people did not seem an overmatch either way.

The logistics of this figure, however, are curious. Pigeons are hearty eaters. If five million pigeons ate three ounces of dry grain a day, the ecology of a largely concrete city would have to provide them with 468 tons of foodstuff per day. This would not only bankrupt the pigeon-lovers but strip all the parks of all vegetation.

Richard Ryan of the New York Linnaean Society and the Bronx Zoo, who has estimated pigeon populations over the years, has put the New York City figure at under 500,000 and probably nearer 150,000. Some of the press, given this figure, have elected to ignore it, evidently in the belief that it spoils the story.



But this is far more true. At Ryan's higher figure, showing about 46 tons of dry food consumed per day, the end result is that about 46 tons of wet pigeon ordure are dropped on New York City every 24 hours. After evaporation, perhaps 15 tons of fecal dust a day are added to the city's air, and a fair share of it, via air-conditioners, gets inside the apartments of the citizens. This, of course, comes to over 5,000 tons of dust a year, and the fungi involved in pigeon droppings are very long-lived.

Some dust is undoubtedly blown outside the city limits, and a good rain will take much of it down the drains and into the soil. But after the rain, the new supplies arrive — 15 tons a day.

Grand Climax. New York City's Board of Health deliberated about the pigeon menace for a month and then took decisive action. This came in two parts. First, a request to the park department to take down its "Pigeon Feeding Area" signs and put up "Don't Feed the Pigeons" signs. Second, a formal appeal to New Yorkers to please stop feeding the pigeons. After this Herculean performance, it sank back exhausted.

Apart from solving nothing, this climax had the merit of giving the pigeon-feeders a real incentive in life.

The first casualty of the anti-lover campaign was an aged retired lawyer who had been feeding Brooklyn pigeons for fourteen years. Taken before a magistrate, he was given a suspended sentence, and conveyed to reporters that if he could not feed pigeons, there was very little left to live for.

Their war was holy enough before; it is holier still now. If need be, they will take to unobserved and inaccessible roofs, windows and backyards to dispense the bootleg corn, and the birds will find the feeders. Pigeons are stupid but there is nothing wrong with their eyesight.

At a cruising speed of 30 miles an hour, a pigeon can cover the town in a morning. Cutting off his food supply on the steps of the main Public Library is not going to complicate his life much. He will feed wherever he lists and return at eve to leave his droppings beneath his traditional roosting site, where his father and grandfather sat before him.

One wonders whether the heart of the matter doesn't lie in the fact that pigeons, even when they are diseased and tough, are really delicious.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

beat each time he passes our house. Nor do we fee the firemen as they leave the scene of the conflagration they have just extinguished. The sanitation crew is not remunerated on the spot by the householder whose garbage they remove. All of these things, which are done collectively by the community because they cannot be done as cheaply or as well or at all by the individual, are paid for by the community. There is no more reason why a man should pay each time he rides a bus which has been bought and is maintained out of his taxes (and of which he is therefore an owner) than he should fee the policeman, the fireman or the garbage collector. . . .

Taylor Adams

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Accidents Are Inartistic

APOLLINAIRE: POET AMONG THE PAINTERS. By Francis Steegmuller. Farrar, Straus & Co. 365 pp. $6.50.

A. Hyatt Mayor

In Paris during the legendary ten years before the First World War, artists from various places experimented with such young vigor, and broke through into so many unvisited places of the spirit, that they imposed much of their vision on us today. If that modern age of fable had a central hero, he might well be Guillaume Apollinaire, "poet among the painters," as this new biography calls him. Since he worked with or wrote about most of the inventive writers and painters of his time, his thirty-nine years of life were packed with contacts and complexity. This dense, frantic activity has found an ideal historian in Francis Steegmuller, who gathers evidence from scarce little magazines, police dockets, letters and the memories of the rare survivors from before the flood.

Steegmuller starts his story in 1880 in the slums of Rome, where a young Polish woman called Angelica de Kostrowitzky gave birth to a boy, but refused to name his father. Some of the poet's admirers have tried to make him a descendant of Napoleon, but his father would seem to have been a Swiss by the pretty name of Flugi d'Aspermont, who held a minor honorary post in the Vatican, and whose brother was an abbot in the papal court. If his mother had no paternal name to give her boy, she made up for it with plenty of Christian names—Guglielmo Alberto Wladimiro Alessandro Apollinare. He was to combine the first and the last into one of the magical names of modern poetry.

After having another illegitimate son, Mme. de Kostrowitzky reappears in Monaco as Olga—the name Angelica was perhaps a little improbable in the circumstances. The Abbate d'Aspermont paid to send both boys to an excellent school, where French became their language, and where Guillaume was trained in the fruitful discipline of French literature. When he was seventeen he left school for good, and after an unchronicled gap of two years, turned up again in a hotel in Belgium with a tutor and his brother. There Olga stranded the boys, so that they had to skip without paying the bill. Then after a desperate spell of odd jobs and near-starvation in Paris, Guillaume spent the better part of a year as secretary to a mad German countess in her Hansel and Gretel chalet on the Rhine. In the isolation of an eccentric family, he made violent love to a blue-eyed little English governess, who fought him off in terror. Out of this frustration he wrote his first series of love poems, the *Rhine Wind.* In 1903, he settled in Paris, and began his real career by breaking into the rebellious underworld of French letters. Square and strong and tireless, he supported himself with obscure clerical employments while writing for little magazines, as well as founding and directing them. In the meantime, he worked on his first two major poems—the "Song of the Poorly Loved" and the "Emigrant of Landor Road"—both inspired by the rebuffs from the little governess.

In about 1904, Apollinaire met Picasso and his attendant admirer and press agent, Max Jacob. The three at once struck up an intense intellectual dialogue, incandescing in one another's presence in what was both more and less than an ordinary friendship, one whose friction of argument and ideas made up for its lack of charity. Apollinaire took it on himself to write everywhere he could about contemporary painting. Soon he was also writing a great deal about the painting of Marie Laurencin, with whom he lived until she could no longer stand his violence. Out of this love affair he wrote perhaps his most exquisite poems, of which the most classically restrained, the most original

A. Hyatt Mayor is curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

My Crowns

for Dr. Pontifex

That was wings too,
like everything not rigid,
everything between two
people or a people and its city
or a cloud and its sky.

The dentist and I
worked my teeth for half a year,
the New Boston rising from its pad
outside our window.
And as he drilled deeper
the development reached higher
and I grew older
until all was capped with gold:
his fee, the sky,
the stumps that lined my jaw,
that aching row.

I am complete now
though the city is still changing.
I miss the man
whose intelligence
lay wholly in his competence,
all clouded beside.
Such friendships end
when the skill that called them up has run
its course.

Everything human has wings
(better to name it that than decay)
and flies toward an inevitable future:
a city, a body, warmth between two men;
everything has its day — except,
of course, my golden crowns.

Henry Braun

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and most heartbreaking, is the "Pont Mirabeau."

In September, 1911, an Italian house painter stole the *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre and kept it hidden for a couple of years. Apollinaire was arrested for the theft because he had befriended a boy who had earlier pilfered some statuettes from a Louvre storeroom. During days of solitary imprisonment he wrote half a dozen short poems of despair that are now in every French anthology. Of course he was released, but this disturbance seems to have shaken him—particularly, perhaps, because it was one of the few major difficulties in his life that came to him without his seeking it. Accidents are inartistic.

The summer of 1914 brought the general accident for all. Apollinaire enlisted in the French Army, although, as a foreigner of Italian birth and Polish descent, he could have stayed out. During the war that destroyed his world, he was wounded in the head, had two minor love affairs, married a girl who seems to have entered his life quite unexpectedly, and died of influenza two days before the Armistice.

Remember me when I am dead.
Simplify me when I am dead.

Steegmuller has gathered remembrances from here, there and everywhere, and has arranged the complexity into a story that reads as swiftly and simply as a novel. He gives his tale the sense of life without resorting to the cheap and easy inventions that clutter so many readable biographies nowadays, for he has checked and tested every statement, and has let contemporaries take over as much of the talk as possible. So many people wrote so much about one another during those epic years, and wrote with such personal bias, that the reader feels as though he were looking at a landscape through a series of red, green, purple and yellow windowpanes. The women provide a clearer glass than the men. Fernande Olivier, Picasso's mistress during his early years, writes with a lucidity that surprises one after reading Gertrude Stein's account of her as a silly babbler who constructed monstrous hats; and Marie Laurencin disarms one with her clear-eyed self-appraisal and her fright at masculine stridency. Each observer reports a slightly different Guillaume, as though one were seeing him simultaneously in profile and full face, like a head by Picasso. And yet, like Picasso's heads, the character of the man emerges bold and unmistakable.

It is curious that a writer so famous for being a friend of painters should have been, after all, a man of words and not of images. Quite unlike Baudelaire, who *saw*, Apollinaire merely used paintings to leap into rhetoric. His outpourings about art may have done as much as anything to generate the high-sounding twaddle that passes for criticism in so many places today. Steegmuller says neatly that, as an art critic, Apollinaire was like "a hound who picks up too many scents, and he did a good deal of happy, excited barking about it." Like a true writer, everything started him into words, and one has the feeling that he needed, and created, incessant disturbances to keep his motor supplied with fuel. The classic forms of poetry were the only stability he had to cling to in the buffeting and clashing of his life. The more violently events butted him, the more firmly he needed to lace himself into the corset of the eternal villanelle and alexandrine. His love life had to be unhappy, and he saw to it that it should be so in order to keep him in voice for those laments that haunt us with their unique and tender music.

No one can stand such a pace for very long. He died at thirty-nine begging to live — "I have so much to say" — and yet he may have come near to the end of his life as a writer. He had capitulated to marriage, and it had profited him with only an inconsequential poem or two.

Mr. Wilson Balks

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX: A Protest. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus and Co. 118 pp. $2.95.

Martin Peretz

Edmund Wilson's latest book is hardly prudent at all. At any rate, it is not what this generation of intellectuals is likely to view as responsible or even balanced. It is, in fact, according to the current canons of approbrium, a mere pamphlet.

But it is a brilliant pamphlet, a sudden re-emergence in this country of an all but moribund literary form — and it does credit to the grand tradition. It is crotchety and impolitic, imprecise and really none too cautious in its discriminations. Yet when all that can be said against it has been said — when the dreary pronunciamentos of the respectables have been invoked and duly recorded — this slim volume will still be more memorable than any of the documents of the great celebration, portentous and self-satisfied, calling for further sacrifice and promising the benign compensations of a distant victory.

Mr. Wilson is no longer as much a writer of reserve or self-restraint as once he was. His sentences are now so candid as to be just at the point of

Martin Peretz is on the faculty of the Department of Government, Harvard University. He is writing a study of modern theories of peace and war.

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the embarrassing; but as novelist, his secondary achievement, he has always told a good story. And this fragment of autobiography, moving swiftly from his simple announcement that between the years 1946 and 1955 he had not filed any income tax returns through his protracted but ultimately resolved dealings with the Internal Revenue Service, is a true narrative, even if rendered through the eyes of the criminal-hero. And, notwithstanding the Kafkaesque tales there recounted, it is also an enormously funny one.

Yet the book would certainly not merit serious attention if it were simply the memoirs of a tax delinquent, humorously chronicling his misdeeds and the conditions of his penance. Nor is Wilson straining for laughs when he writes of his settlement with the authorities and of the tax itself: "My original delinquency was due not to principle but to negligence, but I now grudge every penny of the imposition, and I intend to outmaneuver this agreement, as well as the basic taxes. . . ." This is intended neither flippantly nor callously, as what follows confirms: ". . . our country has become today a huge blundering power unit controlled more and more by bureaucracies whose rule is making it more and more difficult to carry on the tradition of American individualism. . . . I have finally come to feel that this country, whether or not I continue to live in it, is no longer any place for me." It is not an unduly difficult task for thinking men to refuse any truck with the official cant, though growing numbers appear to find that course unwise. But it is, I think, a painful experience for an intellectual, particularly one who has cared as deeply as has Wilson about the quality of his nation's culture, to discover his inner exile from a people he has late in life ceased to know.

Mr. Wilson's angry protest, already discernible in *A Piece of My Mind* a half decade back, is, then, a profoundly disturbing piece of testimony — though he has no credentials as an expert on fiscal policy and precious few more as an analyst of international politics and the cold war. Despite the legal genesis of his polemic, he is a moralist who is himself a telling witness, as Rousseau and Diderot were before him, to the unbelievable corruptions of the life of his country. Having entered into an open conspiracy against the conventional wisdom — frustrating, one hastens to add, the blandishments of our version of the Queen's Honors Lists and of the chic dinners at the seat of power — he should impel his readers, in a way that a "more reasonable" writer might not, at last to question whether our economy is either rational or humane, whether the cold war may be justified by anything save the fact that it seems to exist.

Now it might well be argued that Wilson is an anachronism, an archaic remnant, interesting as spectacle, but not as much more. If he were an Englishman, one would say that there is something of the nineteenth-century Tory Socialist in him, and leave it at that. As an American, however, he is liable to the kind of disdain heaped by liberals on those anti-income-tax praters now anxiously fixed at the Right of Senator Goldwater. But if such be the bounds of our perceptions (I know that from another side Wilson will be labedel a Communist or anarchist or worse), the prospects are hopeless indeed. For Wilson is undoubtedly correct when he argues that we are transfixed, Stavrogin-like, by the sheer sensation of spending our uneven affluence on ever more terrifying weapons, regardless, as it were, of what values they are meant to attack or defend. If, then, our apparent hypnotic state is permanent, with our actual alternative limited only to choice of tactics or strategies, then the madness at the top is now general. Or perhaps it is evil that is become general! Where that is the case, it is time to raise, as does Wilson, the old questions of social philosophy, long ignored and once again relevant, of the contingencies of obedience and the morality of political obligation.

In a moment of academic caprice, instead of assigning the appropriate readings from Professor Kissinger and Mr. Rostow, I passed on a copy of this subverting manifesto to one of my students. He is a bright young man and his thinking about world politics could even be defined, to use one of this Administration's categories of virtue, as "tough-minded." The next morning he was at my office door, book in hand and full of some refreshing ideas, which gives one reason to hope after all.

Some things in the book, he told me, had been particularly upsetting: Mr. Wilson's discussions of the "insane" Hiroshima pilot, for example, and of the Pentagon's intensified research program in chemical-biological-radiological (CBR) warfare, government publicity for which is tantalizingly known as "Operation Blue Skies." Suddenly he exclaimed quite simply that "what was wrong with all of this was that in another age this would have been written as satire." And, of course, that is true, as true as the fact that this is not a prudent book. Surely Gulliver could not have journeyed to a more fantastic destination than our own community of equally deluded Laputians and Yahoos.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

If the screen is the "cadet" branch of dramatic art, it appears today to be turning the tables on the stage. This is probably not a permanent reversal—despite the notorious difficulty of comparing pears with apples, I think that plausible aesthetic principles can be evoked to establish the greater inherent profundity of living theatre. But at the moment, the screen is in the ascendant.

Evidence is abundant. The flow of dramatic invention for the stage is at present very thin; it is difficult to fill a commercial season, and the noncommercial theatre maintains itself almost exclusively on the classics. Films, meanwhile, roll in with the regularity and power of breakers hitting the beach. In New York and other major cities, first-run houses have proliferated like mushrooms, and still the competition for screen time continues to grow. Playwrights and stage directors today appear to find their physical surroundings ill-suited to their needs. The theatre world is excessively preoccupied with mechanics, and controversy centers more frequently on matters of proscenium, apron, arena and scenic innovation than it does on the content and style of plays. The film makers, on the contrary, employ their resources with a high-spirited dexterity that bespeaks a craft at the height of its vigor.

It must be added that almost all the films I here have in mind are foreign (so, for that matter, is the overwhelming majority of the plays that have recently kept Broadway alive). For two generations, Hollywood hogged the screens of the world; in this country it also monopolized the making of pictures. Except for the big studio machine products (many of which were

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excellent according to their own entertainment standards), almost nothing was filmed in this country. Abroad, however, independent producers and directors have always existed—though their influence was dimmed by American export zeal—and when Hollywood crumbled they were able to move in with a type of humane and intellectually adventurous picture that was in a category entirely separate from the West Coast family package. Enterprising native film makers will appear—indeed, they are beginning to do so—but the gap is real and it will be some time before they can compete for attention with their French, English, Italian, Scandinavian and Japanese contemporaries.

Finally, there is no longer, at least in New York, a theatre audience—a group that systematically and critically attends the current plays. It is only the very occasional play that becomes part of the conversation of the times; and the public has been so far debased to a market that producers, like night-club proprietors, live in terror of any tampering with the expense-account provisions of the tax laws. But anyone who in reasonably alert company is today unable to express coherent opinions on current movies stands convicted of cultural dishevelment. Moreover, the discussions one hears are more about directors than about stars, more concerned with styles and schools than with plots. The quickest wits among us have gravitated to the movies because that is where the liveliest minds are at work.

The Sound of Trumpets, directed by a young Italian, Ermanno Olmi, is foolishly and pompously misnamed in its English title. In Italian it is *Il Posto* (The Job), which is simple and accurate. It is the report, the account—I resist calling it the story—of how the elder son of an artisan family gains employment in a large concern that offers a white-collar security hitherto unknown to the men of his family.

The film records, therefore, one of the small, universal adventures of life, but it does so here in the context of a changing way of life. And it is brilliantly astute at finding the natural but illuminating details that contrast the sweet, earthly dignity of Milanese working-class life with the emasculated suavity of a hygienically humane corporation.

The boy has enterprise, an unfledged but sound masculinity, a reserved humor; but he is also gentle, obedient and eager to please. One feels that he hasn't a chance—not that he will greatly suffer, but that he will never sustain his individuality.

Mr. Olmi does not labor his message. He was trained in documentaries and that is a medium where, if you are any good, you let the material carry you. He keeps his tone light, he appears himself to share the audience's enchantment with the quick responses, the almost imperceptible, but blade-sharp reactions, of his talented young actor, Sandro Panzeri. The boy has a gift approaching genius for registering polite incredulity at the buffooneries of adult behavior: his deportment at an office Christmas party is mercilessly funny. He can play the older brother, the young lover, the brisk employee, the dutiful son, with variations of an integrated personality that produces, it seems almost effortlessly, a character study of substantial depth. *The Sound of Trumpets* is a lovely picture; it is also a sad one, in a quiet, reflective way.

A much more knowing, coarse-grained picture is *Knife in the Water* from the Polish director, Roman Polanski. Its ingredients are fast cars, naked bodies, sailboats, sun and storm, food and drink, wit and lust; it is a film that fully exploits the compelling sensuosity of the screen. And exploits — indeed, makes mock of — the cynicism as to human relationships that is currently a too easy style.

Polanski brings together, overnight on a small sloop, a man, his younger wife and a much younger student-hitchhiker. The three of them, for no very strong motives and certainly from no premeditation, proceed to chew one another to bits. The husband feels himself depreciated in his wife's eyes (God knows why), the boy is not going to be put down by any aging braggart, and the wife is partly irritated by the blatancy of the male ego and partly stimulated by the scent of male hot blood.

The film feints with violence in counterpoint to the flash storms that stab at the Polish lake where the trio is cruising. In fact, the knife never strikes, but it is always in one or another nervous hand; in fact, no one is badly hurt, though if this sort of thing happens very often the husband's prognosis is not good. Polanski has recast in the accents (though not the deeds) of melodrama a social cannibalism that arises from the fashionable modern complaint of not knowing one's identity. The malady is over-diagnosed by our auto-psychologists, and yet it is the fortunate man who has never felt called on to bully his ego back to par, the virtuous woman who has not waggled her bitchiness in support of her femininity. The student in the tableau is just possibly blameless—he is not a very pretty fellow, but neither is he at a pretty age. It takes a delicate sense of propriety to tell a moral tale with tongue in cheek; *Knife in the Water* gets away with it by keeping

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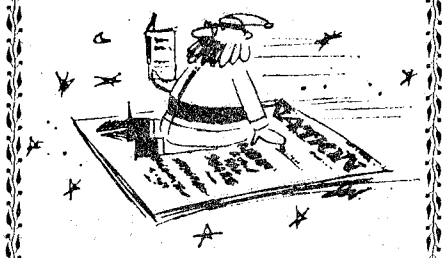

We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day in and day out. There are many people, in this country and elsewhere, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space *The Nation* gives to reporting their varied activities.

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the scene frankly physical and electrically photogenic.

Tony Richardson's steeplechase romp through *Tom Jones* is no film for purists, though, despite its bawdiness, I think it is one for the pure in heart. It takes the most irreverent liberties with Fielding's irreverent classic, and it shamelessly substitutes speed, audacity and noise for structure and plausibility. Well, Fielding's notions of structure and plausibility were not quite what we expect today, and if Mr. Richardson had followed the original more faithfully and more deliberately we should fidget and yawn and gaze at the ceiling in embarrassment. What he has done instead is to use a wide assortment of cinema tricks—including wipes and flipovers, freezes, asides to the camera, fast motion, syncopated cuts and a mellifluous narrator, to simulate the novelist's mock crankiness; and he has worked every turn on the gross and greedy vitality of the eighteenth century that could possibly be dared in a twentieth-century public entertainment. Indeed, some of his rank detail gets by only by speed and roaring good humor.

Richardson is the only one of the three directors here mentioned who has a high reputation as a theatre man. Perhaps because he is a visitor to the screen, he has turned out the film that holds closest to the established movie tradition. He has designed a chase, filled it with blatant skulduggery, made it bloodily violent and farcically surprising, worked toward a climax so hair-trigger that the hero is actually dangling from a rope when the good guys ride up, and provided an ending blissfully happy for all but the unspeakable villains (true, Fielding originally provided it, but Richardson wrings it dry). And he has given us stars—Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Joyce Redman, glittering in a rich and picturesque crowd.

I have read a complaint that *Tom Jones* is cute, a serious charge. It's a matter of taste and I can only say that, although I was perefectly aware that Mr. Richardson was having his little jokes, he never put me off. Perhaps I was disarmed by the fact that he can shift so gracefully from a rather campy exuberance to passages of real characterization and genuine feeling: I cite the wooing of Tom and Sophie (Finney and Miss York), in which the playfulness of children and the languor of lovers are blended into an interlude of high-spirited sentiment.

Tom Jones is not in the current of contemporary pictures; it is rather a demonstration that the old war-horse methods will always work if they are applied with sufficient energy, invention and discrimination. The picture has the somewhat odd flavor of primal innocence being evoked by sophisticated craftsmen (this is the prevailing flavor of ballet). It is best seen by innocent, but knowing, eyes.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BACH: Cantata No. 76, *Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes.* Ingeborg Reichelt, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; Helmut Krebs, tenor; Franz Kelch, bass; Heinrich Schütz Chorale of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra; Fritz Werner, conductor. Epic LC 3851 (mono) BC 1251 (stereo).

This is one of the richest of the late cantatas, in which the most astonishing events take place within a framework of apparent regularity — in direct contrast to Bach's early cantatas, where external idiosyncracies often mask an underlying squareness (in *Gottes Zeit,* for example). Thus, the real strength of the late Bach is his mastery as a phrase maker, as a builder over great spans of musical time of individual phrases into cohesive, structural balances, regardless of the intervention of many different numbers, all seemingly complete in themselves. In *Die Himmel erzählen* one's attention is held throughout not only by the unceasing invention within each of the parts, but especially by the way each movement adds a distinctive, unitary block to a gradually accruing totality that opens out further with each new event until its completion in the final chorale. Perhaps the most wonderful succession of this kind is the joining of the tentative, suspended close of the alto recitative in Part I to the ensuing chorale setting, with its strongly pulsating, swinging *ostinato* bass.

The conductor, the female vocalists, the chorus and the instrumentalists clearly know their business in this music, but the male soloists are rather fuzzy and rough, as is the recorded sound. Nevertheless, the performance as a whole is a far better representation of the cantata than Scherchen's old Westminister record, which came

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dangerously close to caricature in its self-important and erratic fussiness.

BEETHOVEN: Six String Quartets, Op. 18. The Amadeus Quartet. DGG 138 531/3.
Symphony No. 3, Op. 55. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2644.
Symphony No. 6, Op. 68. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2614.
Piano Concerto No. 4, Op. 58. Van Cliburn, piano. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2680.

The Amadeus Quartet is evidently quite earnest in its pursuit of the ideas of Beethoven's Op. 18; it lumbers doggedly after them from the beginning of Op. 18, No. 1, to the end of Op. 18, No. 6, armed with only one apparent resource of articulation, the accentual bump. Still, the combination of this slightly bucolic approach with equally simple but quite honest string playing and ensemble (full and spread in the old middle-European manner, rather than lithe and agile like the Juilliard) seems an unobjectionable means, short of a really intelligent and precise realization, through which to perceive the qualities of quartets which are themselves couched in a rather straightforward, presentational context. In this respect, the recording itself is a great help, for it is beautifully clear and close up.

Leinsdorf's performance of the *Eroica* is as careful and detailed as is usual with his work, and also as steadily pushed and oversharply articulated to insure the sense of increasing forward momentum and cohesion without any particular awareness of individual qualities. The procedure is particularly well calculated for this symphony, since the *Eroica* will sound like the *Eroica* regardless of how it is played. The new discipline and precision of the Boston Symphony is unmistakable, even though at the stage when this recording was made they were achieved at the expense of permitting some rather unpolished execution. As far as the development of Dynagroove is concerned, it seems considerably improved in the "spatial" dimension from the early releases (this is also true of the Chicago Orchestra releases discussed below), but the bass still sounds as though produced by oscillators rather than instruments, and loud passages are sometimes quite shrilly distorted.

At the time when it recorded the Beethoven Sixth Symphony with Reiner, the Chicago Symphony was clearly still the best sounding and playing orchestra in the United States, with a purity of timbre and precise articulation unsurpassed by any present-day ensemble. The performance itself reveals innumerable niceties of understanding, execution and projection, with a refinement and intelligence that are on a level quite different from the one-sided bluntness of Leinsdorf or the Amadeus group. The same orchestral qualities are evident in the accompaniment to the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto, but the soloist, Van Cliburn, although mechanically endowed to a prodigious extent, seems completely at a loss to make any sense out of this complex and subtle score.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 4, Op. 88 (with Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 66). Philharmonia Orchestra, Carl Maria Giulini, conductor. Angel (S) 35847. Symphony No. 5, Op. 95 ("From the New World"). New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia MS 6393 (S).

Dvorak's Fourth Symphony is a work of far greater subtlety and invention than is usually recognized, especially in its multitude of bright and original ideas of orchestral sound and harmonic detail. The first two movements are especially rewarding in this respect (the last sounds more like an obligatory gesture to both symphonic convention and the folk cult). The Philharmonia, as ever, plays superbly, if without the special knowingness it seems to acquire under Klemperer.

The "New World," on the other hand, has always seemed rather too fat and sleek, larger in pose and volume of sound than anything it actually contains, despite many arresting individual details that are usually lost in the vast bosom of the whole. But since I have never heard a performance of either of these symphonies that takes a really fresh and penetrating look at what their intrinsic qualities might be as compositions, such observations must remain somewhat inconclusive.

HAYDN: The Paris Symphonies. L'Orchestre de la suisse romande, Ernest Ansermet, conductor. London CSA 2306 (stereo). CMA 7306 (mono). Symphony No. 88 in G; Symphony No. 98 in B-flat. Berlin Philharmonic, Eugen Jochum, conductor. DGG LMP 18 823 (mono); SLPM 138 823 (stereo).

Perhaps to catch the overflow from the "London" symphonies, and certainly because of their proof that Haydn symphonies do better in sets, London has grouped Ansermet's performances of Nos. 82 through 87 as the "Paris" Symphonies, and arranged the record sides in automatic sequence, as though they ought to be listened to straight through in consecutive numerical order! But any excuse for playing these works is acceptable, for they come from the period of some of Haydn's most profoundly original compositional discoveries, the external evidences of which can be heard by every listener in the striking syncopations, contrasts and the "surprise" moves that leap far ahead of the step-by-step train of development and then seem to go back and gradually fill in the intervening space. Ansermet, given by Haydn a multiplicity of gradations of articulation and intensity to

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work with, seems content simply to turn everything either on or off all at once, with nothing in between and the orchestral playing is rather rough.

In its recording of the Haydn Symphonies Nos. 88 and 98, the Berlin Philharmonic sounds like a completely different orchestra from the one heard on van Karajan's recording of the nine Beethoven symphonies. Under Jochum (and possibly under adequate conditions of rehearsal and recording) they reveal most of the qualities of superior ensemble proficiency and sensitivity that were characteristic of their prewar playing. The performances are disciplined and proportioned, but often sluggishly slow (in spite of which the slow movement of No. 98 is played with especial timbral individuality) and quite clearly and precisely recorded.

MOZART: The "Haydn" Quartets (K. 387, 421, 428, 458, 464, 465). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6043 (mono). BSC 143 (stereo). K. 428 and 458 also issued separately as BC 1270.
Serenade, K. 361, for 13 wind instruments. Bavarian Radio Symphony, Eugen Jochum, conductor. DGG LPM 18 830 (mono). SLPM 138 830 (stereo).

The extremely high-speed tempo context within which the Juilliard Quartet conceives its performances, and which results in such remarkable (and essentially faithful) compression in its Beethoven realizations, races right past Mozart's subtle but unassertive detail and generalizes events of prime determinant importance into figurational incidents within whole phrases, thus missing the inflections through which the individual qualities of a Mozart piece are generated. In Beethoven, the approach works spectacularly well, given mechanical precision in complex passages at high speed, because the profiles of Beethoven's original ideas are so explicit and pronounced that even a simple tracery of the lines without much care or thought will project them unmistakably and produce an extraordinary impression. But the finales of the Mozart quartets, for example, might be any fast Mozart pieces of a certain type. Even the Juilliard's intonation is not up to the razor's edge of accuracy that Mozart's lightning moves require, and the timbral qualities in the upper register are often quite coarse. But Claus Adam's cello playing is almost incongruous in this milieu, with its admonishing gravity and musical maturity that come through the entire texture, along with a sensitivity to sound and pitch notably absent elsewhere.

The Serenade for 13 winds is so much better than wind-ensemble performers ever seem to discover that a conductor is clearly required. But instead of guiding his performers to project an integral shape for the work, Jochum simply imposes his typical ponderousness on a piece that should be shot through with endless degrees of light and space. Mozart, of all composers, is most easily destroyed by a merely conventional, willfully idiosyncratic, virtuosic, or any but a totally aware and precisely considered approach. For a performance of this kind, listen to Hans Rosbaud's recording of *Don Giovanni* on Vox OPBX 162-3, which is surely one of the most memorable musical experiences available on records.

STRAUSS, Richard: *Death and Transfiguration*, Op. 24. *Metamorphosen* (1945). Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor. Angel (S) 35976.

Klemperer has been able to find whatever pure *Liebestod* and *Liebesnacht* are scattered among the loose ends of *Death and Transfiguration*. To the work's unsuspected virtue, it appears that it can be *played* magnificently, and that some of the orchestral ideas suggest the ingenious mastery of later Strauss. And the performance is a fascinating demonstration of Klemperer's control over the total unfolding of a stretch of musical sound.

Metamorphosen, on the other hand, is certainly Strauss' most subtle composition, a tour de force of continuous exposition, beginning from a thematic configuration that joins the *Eroica* funeral march to the King Mark scene in the second act of *Tristan*, and developing through a profound re-examination of traditional compositional resources in Schoenberg's, rather than Stravinsky's sense. Strauss' remarkable achievement in this gesture of his oldest age is in the way the line of development and the listener's ear are guided firmly and unambiguously through immense complexities of texture and harmony, in both the small and the large. In this performance, at least, an unbroken, continuously variable fabric of music for 23 solo string instruments, based on blatantly familiar material (even arriving at the end at a complete statement of the Beethoven theme), and interrupted only once, near the end, by a caesura of any kind, projects a wide-ranging sonic structure of such originality that it seems more a challenge to the musical future than a last stirring of the musical past.

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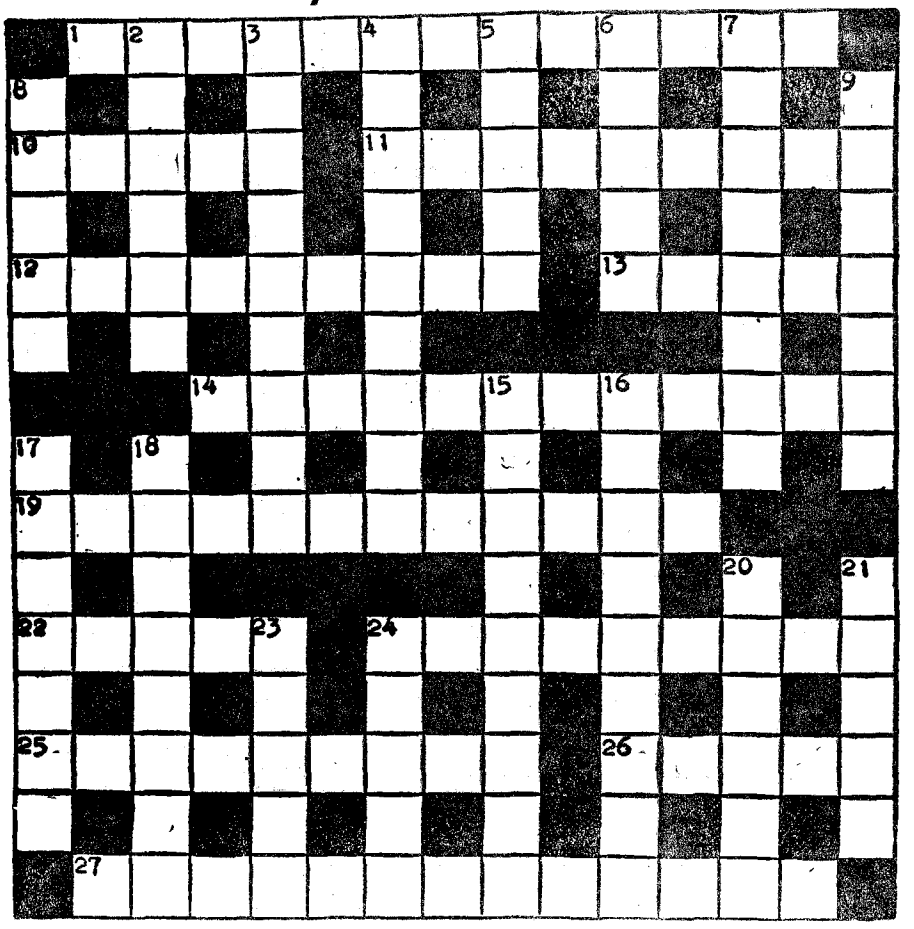
Crossword Puzzle No. 1034

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They keep waiting for the seconds to indicate "break"! (5, 8)
10 With this, work should be play. (5)
11 Did such workmen make the charts and take care of the overhead in the old days? (9)
12 Long Rhein operatic production. (9)
13 Cantor knew her well. (5)
14 Chairman? Someone to be saved, evidently! (3, 9)
19 Thanatophobia? Good business for some! (5, 7)
22 How to get a measure of quiet, at least. (5)
24 Refreshment queue? You might laugh at it. (5, 4)
25 Bad odors get a dramatic opening, for some. (5, 4)
26 Amy Lowell said this was in her because she was New England. (5)
27 A new strain in mice for pets, though showing a few weak points. (13)

DOWN:

2 Feel aversion at being in the head of 12. (6)
3 Rather outmoded road-mending equipment. (5, 4)
4 It might be played in the second half incorrectly. (5, 4)
5 A track runner and a long distance man might have to. (5)
6 Joints where wines might be obtained. (5)
7 Does it control the current needed to turn the roast? (8)
8 Figures in a solid mixture? (5)
9 Scales, perhaps. (7)
15 One's practice may not be recognized. (9)
16 Responsible for a world-enlightening liberty. (9)
17 Montaigne was perhaps the most eminent one that ever appeared in the world, according to Addison. (7)
18 Could one so deny it's a record mail-sorting job? (8)
20 He was concerned about melted snow. (6)
21 Such fruit might be quite inexpensive. (5)
23 They sang over this during W.W. I. (5)
24 Strength of spirit. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1033

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Share-the-wealth; 10 Hooks; 11 Influenza; 12 Outline; 13 and 29 Scandal-monger; 14 and 28 Caddis flies; 15 Treason; 18 Areaway; 21 Defray; 24 Decrial; 26 Abalone; 27 Exertions; 30 Gaslight. DOWN: 1 School; 2 About face; 3 Exscind; 4 Heifers; 6 Educate; 7 Lined; 8 Headlong; 9 Off-set; 16 Seasoning; 17 Bad dream; 19 Whistle; 20 Yellow; 21 Dead Sea; 22 Fearful; 23 Get set; 25 Clean.

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